

The evening of her departure, she arrived at Blooming's farm, where she saw a great number of shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, and diverting themselves on the green. Alas! said the queen, sighing, many is the time that I have diverted myself like these poor peasants. As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to embrace her. She had an air of so much content and satisfaction, and was so hearty and jolly, that the queen could not help crying when she looked at her. Blooming had married a young peasant without any fortune, but he always remembered that his wife had given him every thing he had, and he strove by his complaisant behaviour to shew her his gratitude. Blooming had not a great many servants; but they loved her as if they had been her children, because she treated them well.

All her neighbours loved her likewise, and every one seemed anxious to give her the best proofs of it. She had not much money, but then she had no great need of it; for her own lands supplied her with
corn,

corn, wine, and oil. Her flocks furnished her with milk, of which she made butter and cheese. She spun the fleece of her



sheep to make cloaths for her husband and herself, as well as for her two children, which she had. They laboured with industry; and in the evening, when their work was finished, they enjoyed themselves with transport. Alas! cried the queen, the fairy has made me a bad present, in giving me a crown.